

MRS. WRIGHT WAS IN WRONG AT THE SCIENCE MEETING

Threatened With Ejection
When She Persisted in Giv-
ing Her Testimony.

Mrs. Edgar J. Wright, a Christian Scientist of Bayville, L. I., declared today that she had not rid of the "death thought" and would not rest content until she had given her experience to the whole world. She was silenced last night for the second time within about a year when she attempted to give her "testimony" at the First Church of Christ, Scientist, at Ninety-sixth street and Central Park West.

According to Mrs. Wright, her troubles in the church are due mainly to the fact that she is a friend of Mrs. Augusta Stetson, who with sixteen of her followers was excommunicated from the church some time ago. Mrs. Stetson is credited by some with ambitions to head Mrs. Mary Baker Eddy's place as head of the church.

In the controversy growing out of the Stetson case a great deal was said about "melancholic animal magnetism," "death thought" and kindred quantities. Mrs. Wright is a staunch supporter of Mrs. Stetson.

"When I realized the 'death thought' had come to me," she explained to-day, "I knew I was helpless. It was more than a year ago and I simply put myself in the hands of God and asked him as a little child would to look after me and show me what the cause was."

BODY OF EVILDOERS CAUSED ALL THE TROUBLE.

"I did it. I discovered that in my case, as in others, it was an organized body of evil-doers that was doing it, and not any of the persons friendly to Mrs. Stetson."

"About a year ago I tried to give my testimony in the church, but Mr. Frickles, then the First Reader, ordered me to sit down. I insisted it was my right, but he had me put out of the church. It was only one of the unpleasant experiences I have had there, and all because I am a friend of Mrs. Stetson, I am certain. It is to that my persecutions are due."

"A week ago I went to the church and gave my testimony. I wanted the world to know it. Last night I tried to give it again for the benefit of persons not present last week. It might have been unusual for a person to give the same testimony twice, but I have seen it done, and my object was a good one."

"But Mr. Richard P. Verrill, the First Reader, ordered me to sit down. I came here tonight," she said, "but right there he stopped me. 'Sit down, Mrs. Wright,' he said. 'We heard your testimony last Wednesday night and we do not care to hear it again.' 'You have no right to stop me,' I insisted. 'I came here to talk and I will talk.'"

But Mrs. Wright did not talk. The First Reader called an usher and told him to conduct the lady from the church.

"Don't you dare touch me!" blazed Mrs. Wright. "Don't you dare! Leave me alone or it will be the worse for everybody concerned."

MRS. WRIGHT PROMISED TO KEEP THE PEACE.

The usher halted before he put his

"HANDSOMEST COP," WHO WAS KILLED BY GAS FROM PIPE LEAK.



MARTIN J. CORBETT.

hand on her arm. Many in the gallery and back pews stood up to see what would happen, but nothing at all happened except that Mrs. Wright announced if they would leave her alone she would sit down. She did, but she didn't do any more talking, and remained there until the service was over. She declared she would yet give to the outside world the complete story of how she conquered the "death thought." But she is not certain she will ever get to do it in the First Church.

Mrs. Wright is the wife of a Bayville contractor who is First Reader of the Christian Science Church there. In May of last year Mrs. Wright was sent to Bellevue Hospital by Magistrate Murphy in the West Side Court for observation as to her sanity. It was claimed at the time that she had been displaying hysteria during the Sunday services in the Ninety-sixth street church. Her husband, who consented to the commitment, said he blamed her eccentricities upon a woman he would not name, but who, he said, had some influence over her. A. J. Evans, a brother of Mrs. Wright, said at the time:

"There is a woman I shall not name upon whom I put the blame for my sister's condition. For two and a half years she has held this spell over my sister to a great extent."

Mrs. Wright was soon discharged from the hospital as sane. She had completely routed the "death thought."

Silent Insults.
(From the Washington Star.)

"That woman always speaks kindly of others."

"Yes," replied Miss Cayenne; "but she always does it in such a way as to imply that she is making some terrible mental reservations."

W. L. DOUGLAS
\$3 \$3.50 & \$4 SHOES

For style, comfort and service W. L. Douglas shoes are just as good as other makes sold at higher prices.

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'HANDSOMEST COP' KILLED WITH DOGS BY LEAKING GAS

One of Corbett's Three Pets
Had Tooth-hold on Trousers
in Effort to Save Him.

Police-Lieutenant Martin J. Corbett, an instructor of mounted policemen, generally believed in the Department and spoken of as "the handsomest cavalry cop" in the service, lost his life to-day in the cellar of his home at No. 306 Sedgewick avenue, the Bronx, while attempting to repair a gas leak. While tinkering with the broken pipe he was overcome. He had been dead more than an hour when his body was found in the cellar shortly after 8 o'clock.

Corbett's three bulldogs—Rag, Tag and Fish—lay dead beside him. One of the dogs had gripped his master's trousers in his teeth and lay in an attitude to suggest that he had struggled in vain.

DON'T USE DRUGS FOR CONSTIPATION

Just Try Nature's Cure.
We all know that constipation brings on countless other complaints if not taken in hand, appendicitis among them—also that any drug will lose its power after being taken for a time—but we should also know that if Nature can be assisted instead of being forced, so much the better for our health.

There is now a method of internal bathing which will keep the intestines as clean and pure and free from waste as exacting Nature can demand—which, taken occasionally, will prevent constipation, biliousness, with its depression, and the countless more serious diseases which are caused by the blood taking up the poisons which the intestines are carrying them through the system.

That method is the "J. B. L. Cascade," which is being enthusiastically explained by the most enlightened physicians everywhere, and is now being shown and explained by all Riker Drug Stores in New York and Brooklyn.

Everyone should at least investigate this Nature-cure without delay.
Ask for Booklet, "Why Man of To-day is Only 50% Efficient."

Don't Persecute your Bowels
Get out colic and gas. They are bad. Buy CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS.

Purely vegetable. Act gently on the liver, eliminate bile, and soothe the delicate membrane of the bowels.

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YETTA THE PRISONER, MENACES STATION TILL FARMER COP GETS ON.

Then East New York Police Have
Milk Jamboree; But, Alas!
Lose Their Captive.

Patrolman Ralph Wilson and Doorman Winkie of the Miller avenue station, East New York, assumed today the task of their beautiful red and white cow, Yetta. Wilson found her, but Winkie was her next friend and nurse. Wilson found the cow in the yard of an unoccupied house at No. 12 Wyona street, yesterday afternoon. Nobody in the neighborhood knew to whom she belonged. Wilson got a clothes line, approached Yetta, murmuring gentle, assuring words, and without setting her horns and led her to the station. The remarks of small boys and girls

coming from school made Wilson blush frequently, but he did not drop the rope. He led Yetta to the stable back of the station, put her in a stall and gave her supper.

About milking time there was a great fuss in the stable. Yetta was moving as though she was deeply hurt by the lack of attention she was receiving. She also showed a disposition to kick her stall to bits.

Doorman Winkie, who came from a farm, bought a wooden pail. Soon Yetta stopped her noise and a few minutes later Winkie walked into the back room of the station with five quarts of fresh warm milk.

The reserves had a milk jamboree; Wilson ladling out the beverage to the eager applicants. There was another like it this morning and then—

Hyman Bernick of Dupont and Christopher avenues, telephoned around and asked why they didn't return his prize cow, Yetta.

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